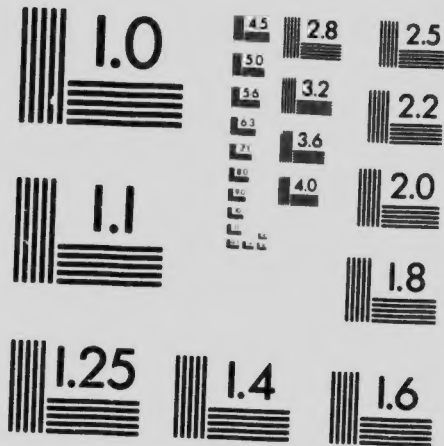


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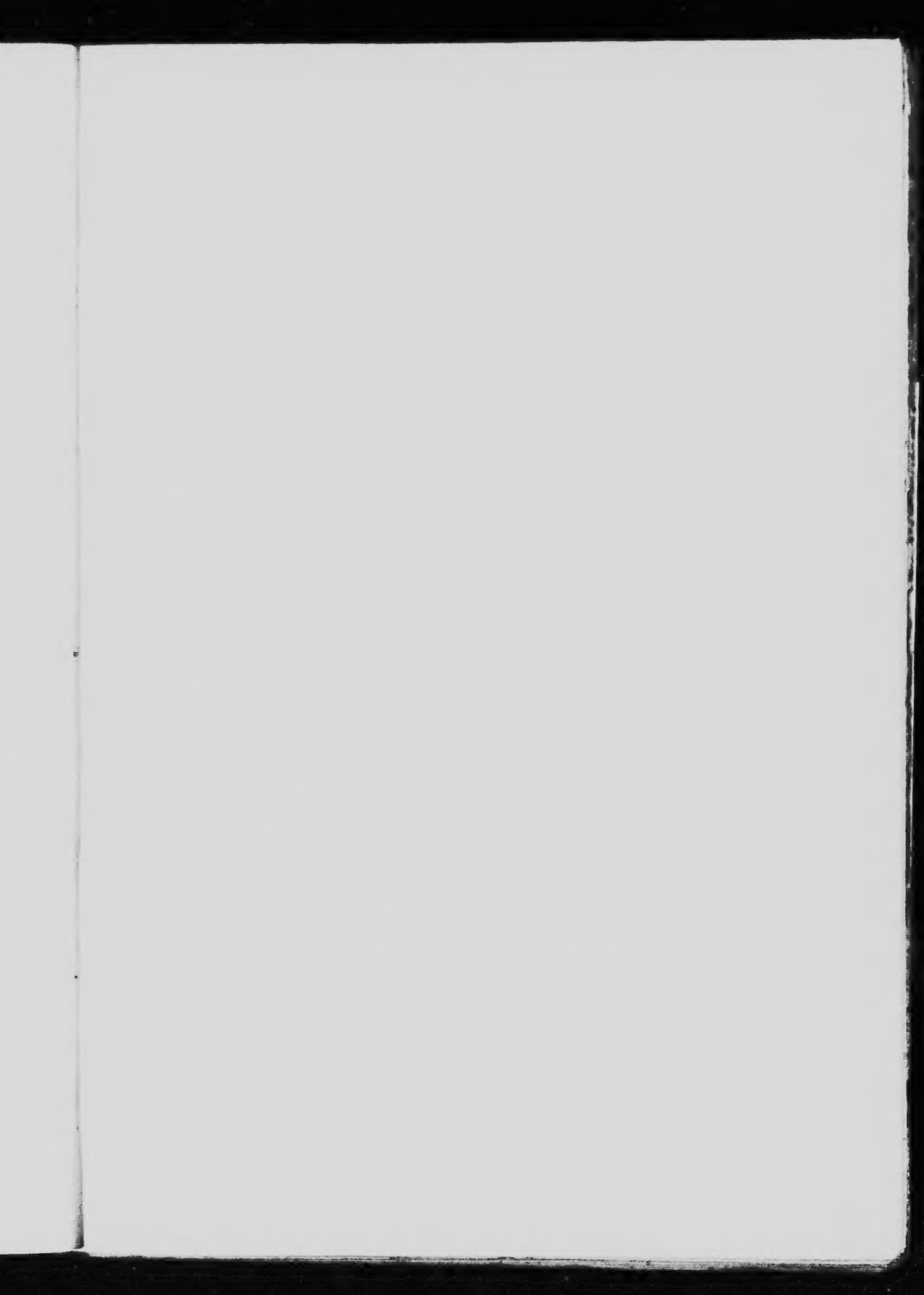
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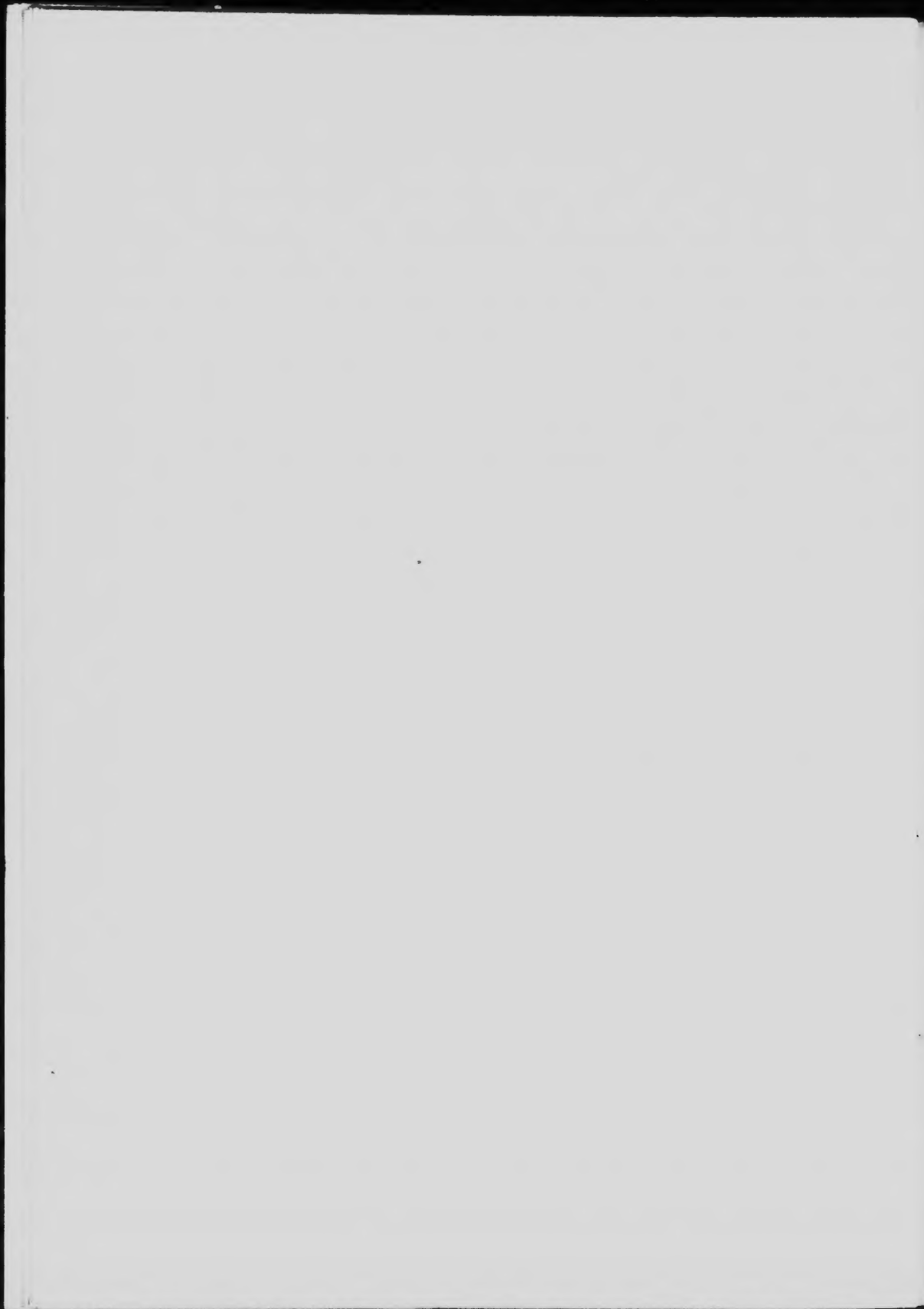
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Go, little book, into the largest world,
And blaze the chastnesse of thy maiden muse:
Regardlessse of all enuie on thee hurl'd,
By the unkindnesse that the Readers use:
And those that enuie thee by scruples letter,
Let them take pen in hand and make a better.

—*Sir John Harington, Philopar-*
thens louing Folly, etc., 1628.



“TREASURE TROVE”

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

SHERMAN C. SWIFT

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By Sherman C. Swift.

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DEDICATION.

BUT a short march along this toilsome way
I've come, yet am aweary. I will rest
Here at this shady bend where sunbeams stray,
Peeping bright-eyed through latticed leaves in quest
Of a lost comrade sleeping on the breast
Of yon quiet pool: a little while I'll stay
And tie for her, whose name to me is blest,
These wayside blossoms into love's bouquet.

All carelessly I plucked them here and there,
As form or color caught my untrained eye:
They most are weeds, perhaps, but still I dare
To hope, dear Mother, that thy love will spy
Within the bunch arranged with little art
Some true flowers which thou'lt wear upon thy
heart.

TREASURE TROVE.

I FOUND a treasure in the spring,
When buds were op'ning fair,
When birds were gaily caroling,
And joy was everywhere.

I cherished it through summer warm,
Through autumn's golden days,
And every hour some bright new charm
Met my enchanted gaze.

Now winter's here, its numbing chill
No longer do I fear;
For my dear treasure now doth fill
My heart with warmth and cheer.

God grant that I, while life is mine,
May guard my treasure trove!
What is it? 'Tis a thing divine,
A noble woman's love.

DAYBREAK.

A BREATHLESS hush. Along the eastern sky
A misty silver gleam, a doubtful light,
As when the modest moon with timid eye
Peers through the clouds that veil her beauty bright,
Ere she her naked, regal charms reveals
And forth to bathe in lonely ocean steals.

White, frothy foam, an ever swelling tide,
A dazzling haze of rainbow-tinted spray;
Bright, spouting jets from wild waves tossing wide
A mighty flood, that naught can turn or stay,
O'er night's dark dyke day's deluge vast is hurled
And inundates with light the waking world.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

HOW still are sky and earth!
All day bright joy and mirth
My lips with smiles have wreathed, made
glad my heart,
Like some old genial wine
Whose potent fires divine
With warming cheer through every chilled vein dart.

But now, when all is stilled,
My soul's deep cup is filled
With brimming peace my tongue cannot express;
I thank in wordless prayer
The God of everywhere:
I feel His presence like a soft caress.

Sweet night of Christmastide,
Thy charm doth open wide
The shuttered window of my life's dim ark,
Through which the holy dove
Of God's eternal love
Doth flutter, frightening forth Care's raven dark.

A MORN, AN EVE, AND LIFE IS O'ER.

A MORN, an eve, and life is o'er;
But ah! what follies crowd this day:
'Tis well, if at the sunset hour,
Ripe wisdom teach our hearts to pray.

A cry, a sigh, and all is still;
Between two breaths our life doth lie:
With follies mad the space we fill,
And leave for wisdom but a sigh.

THE HUSSAR.

○ N his gallant steed he rides to war,
Nor thinks of aught but glory,
And does such deeds as near and far
Shall ring in song and story.
With pricking spur and loosened rein,
And sabre brightly flashing,
He thunders o'er the battle plain
Through foemen's squadrons crashing.

Refrain.

Oh, the gay hussar is a warrior bold
With a nerve of steel and a heart of gold;
With his laugh and his song and his merry jest
He's the life of the service, the gayest the best.

Then in the thickest of the fight,
Where death-fires bright are gleaming,
His cheer rings out with wild delight,
His face with joy is beaming;
But when the battle's rage is past
And the foe in rout is scattered,
The hand that late the sword-hilt grasped
Now soothes a comrade shattered.

Refrain.

Oh, the gay hussar is a warrior bold
With a nerve of steel and a heart of gold;
With his laugh and his song and his merry jest
He's the life of the service, the gayest, the best.

FAREWELL.

DEAR heart, farewell! no more our ways shall
meet,

My further journey I must take alone.
See, dear, how rough the road! your tender feet
Would soon be worn and cut by rut and stone!
My path leads on through regions vast, unknown,
Of Arctic cold, of burning tropic heat—
A trumpet hear I, which, with magic tone,
Sounds the advance—I dare not now retreat.

Your way leads yonder where the sunshine lies
Asleep and smiling on soft mossy beds:
(Yourself a sun which rays of kindness sheds
And brings joy's dawn after a night of sighs!)

* * * * *

Farewell, dear heart, 'tis better so; and yet—
Oh tell me that you sometimes will regret!

FAIR LOVE IS BUT A FRAGRANT ROSE.

FAIR love is but a fragrant rose
Deep crimsoned with hot passion's flame;
Who plucks it for a moment knows
Wild joys his reason cannot tame.

Its perfume lades the tingling air
Of fresh, intoxicating morn;
At eve fades all its beauty rare,
Its petals fall, remains a thorn.

But let me pluck this wondrous flower,
Let me inhale its magic breath
Which life's full tale in one brief hour
Doth tell: then let night come—and death!

SPRING.

THE spoiled and petted darling of the year awakes.

With baby hands she throws the coverlets aside,

Which tender Winter with a loving mother's pride
Has wrapped about her; into cooings soft she breaks
And happy gurglings, and her clear, sweet laughter makes

The world's old heart rejoice. Anon behind a tide
Of sudden, wayward tears her eyes their brightness hide,

The winsome smile her rosy pouting mouth forsakes.

Come all ye joyous minstrels of the echoing air,
Come, charm that smile back with your merriest refrain;

Ye vagrant breezes, toss her flower-bespangled hair
And with your mad pranks make her laughter ring again;

Ye blossom-laden trees, your fragrant tributes bring,

And crown with bloom the infant brow of lovely spring.

OH FOR AN HOUR IN THE AUTUMN WOOD.

○ H for an hour in the Autumn wood!
With my foot on the yielding earth,
Where the yellow sunbeam's slanting rays
About me are weaving a fairy maze
Of golden strands and with elvish mirth
The squirrels are stealing their winter food.

Oh for an hour in the Autumn time!
'Mid the rustling leaves that softly rain
To the ground in a gleaming, glistening shower
From the roof of Nature's sylvan bower,
Bringing a faintly echoing strain
Of the spheres' own sweet harmonious chime.

'Tis a blissful hour without alloy,
When the soul of man forgets its care
And looks on a world all brilliant and bright,
Tinted with Heaven's own radiant light;
When it chants no more its dirge of despair,
But gratefully sings a song of joy.

SPRING-SONG OF THE ROBINS.

GRIM Winter is flying, dread King Frost is dying,

Soon, soon will all-conquering Queen Spring appear;

And hither swift winging, this glad message bringing,
Haste we, her blithe heralds, to say she is near.

She's coming with humming, with drumming and thrumming,

With laughing and chaffing and gay pipings clear;
With joy she is coming, with speed she draws near.

Intone your low, haunting, weird mystical chaunt-
Ye breezes that sing to Aeolian lyre; [ing,

Ye streams dully sleeping, awake! and, up leaping,
Rush forth in gay tumult to join the glad choir;

For Queen Spring is coming with humming and drumming,

With skipping and tripping, in gala attire,
Loud praised in the chaunt of our jubilant choir.

Ye valleys deep-chested, ye forests tall-crested,
Don quickly your mantles of emerald green;
Ye meadows widespreading, with flowers perfume-
shedding
Strew thickly the way for our beautiful queen
Who hitherward marching 'neath soft skies broad
arching
With singing is bringing fair Freedom serene,
Meté handmaid to wait on so lovely a queen.

Grim Winter is flying, dread King Frost is dying,
Soon, soon will all-conquering Springtime appear;
And hither swift winging, our glad carols singing,
Haste we, her blithe heralds, to say she draws near;
For onward she's coming with drumming and
humming,
With laughing and chaffing and shrill pipings clear;
With speed she is coming, and--lo! she is here!

AUTUMN.

THE shadows lengthen, deep'ning into night.
Upon the edge of her leaf-cushioned bed
The drowsy year sits nodding. On her head
Shines Ceres' golden crown; a pensive light
Deep in her half-closed eyes glows softly bright.
A dreamy smile wreathes her ripe lips rich red
With Bacchus' kiss, and her full hands are spread
In sleepy blessing, as day takes its flight.

Her gold-trimmed russet mantle slips away
From her fair form which but the fairer gleams
Through tangled hair that, loosely hanging, seems
A veil to hide and, hiding, to betray:
'Neath winter's snowy eiderdown she creeps—
She rests, she smiles, she sighs, and, sighing, sleeps.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

FROM his snow-cased icy pillows
On the north sea's frozen billows,
Where dense fogs and mists encurtain his
chill bed,

With long-drawn sighs of waking,
From his eyes his snow locks shaking,
Cold, cold Winter raises high his hoary head.

O'er the ocean's drear expanses
Turn his stern enquiring glances
Toward the land where gentle Summer late has
reigned;
When he sees her rule is broken
Dark he smiles, a certain token
That his hand from war will not be long restrained.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

○ H, there is joy in living,
In mere drawing of free breath,
When health's flower is fairly blooming,
Knowing naught of ugly death;

When life's ruddy wine youth's sparklet
Fills with dancing beads of joy,
And we quaff a brimming bumper
To delights that never cloy;

When hope's sunshine gilds our noonday,
And we think no night shall fall,
When each heart-beat is a drum-beat,
Each desire a trumpet call.

But the sweetest joy life offers
Is to love, to woo, to gain;
For true loving is true living,
Full-orbed bliss that ne'er should wane.

As the bud, its leaf-bonds bursting,
Swells into the perfect rose,
So the heart which love has quickened
Into Joy's full blossom grows.

Envoi:

Then here's to life and love and pleasure,
Three in one and one in three;
Fill, and quaff a brimming measure
To their glorious trinity.

LONGING.

AS speeds the eager wildfowl at the call of Spring
To where soft Summer's hand doth loose
harsh Winter's chains,
So haste my thoughts to thee on swift, impatient
wing;
For tyrant Winter's here, but there mild Summer
reigns.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été,
Et ne le saurois jamais être.

—*Marot.*

With silken wing, Love fluttering by,
My heart touched tenderly;
Now, what I was, no more am I
Nor e'er again can be.

THE LONE MOSQUITO.

LONE haunter of my midnight-darkened room!
What deep dismay, what craven fears are mine,
As on my ear, athwart the trembling gloom,
The ringing, stinging, pinging, whinging whine
Of thy thin warpipe falls, portentous sign
Of carnage dread, more feared than cannon's boom:
An arrant coward, the conflict I decline
And strive in vain to flee my certain doom.

Like pirate viking on some smiling coast,
Like thieving free-lance on some princely town,
Upon me from the shades thou swoonest down,
Bloodthirsty Pillager! a vampire ghost,
That through the night rich, purple booty rapes,
And with the dawn full-gorged, unscathed escapes.

DREAMER VS. ACTOR.

SEE where he lies upon yon mossy bank,
Stretched 'neath the spreading branches of
an oak,
And dreams of how all men amazed will stare
When on the world in splendor bright has broke,
His mighty genius, like some great new star
E'en than the king of day more brilliant far.

He sees himself the courted and admired
Of countless thousands of inferior minds,
Who eager strive to catch some lesser beam
Of that effulgence whose full glory blinds;
And like a Solomon on ivory throne
Appropriating wisdom as his own.

There is no road of human enterprise,
Which he will not a conquering hero tread;
There is no crown of honor or of fame
But willing hands will place it on his head,
Until at length, with the immortals classed,
He will their greatest ones have far surpassed.

While thus he dreams of greatness yet unborn,
Behold his brother toiling in the field;
See how the sun has bronzed his honest face,
Mark how stern labor has his muscles steeled
And tell me, if in all great nature's plan.
Thou e'er hast looked upon so true a man.

No golden visions flit before his eyes
To lure him from the duty plainly seen;
He marks naught but the furrow that he ploughs,
Or notes with joy the young corn fresh and green;
His life is uneventful, calm and still,
And peaceful flowing as yon soft-voiced rill.

What different fates await these two young lives?
Let us a glance into the future steal:
We see the dreamer waking from his dreams
To find himself amid the sternly real,
When with a bitter cry of deep despair
He falls with all his castles bright and fair.

The toiler labors in the fields of life
As earnestly as in the fields of earth,
Ploughing deep furrows in the soil of time,
Which bring to weary hearts hope's second birth;
While springing up along his path is seen
The grain of helpfulness so fresh and green.

'Tis ever thus; for in this world of work
There is no place for those who duty shirk
By idly dreaming through the golden hours;
But actors resolute, and strong of heart
To do and dare, play each a worthy part
And bring down blessings like refreshing showers.

MY NURSE.

A FADING light, then darkness rushing deep,
A mighty tide unfathom'd, shoreless,
black:

Then lightnings lurid, thund'ring roars that crack
And split my deafened ears—the parching sweep
Of scorching wind from off the flaming steep
Of peaks of fire—a blizzard from a pack
Of Polar ice—of sense a scudding wrack—
A yawning gulf—a fear—a prayer—a leap.

A firm strong hand reached quickly out to save,
A voice of hope low, calm, assuring, sweet,
Commanding Death to seal an empty grave,
Who thence departs on slow and sullen feet:
A sleep of peace, a dream of life's new grace—
A waking sigh—a look—a smiling face.

SHE IS GONE.

AND she is gone! How changed seems all
The house, how dim and chill.
No merry laugh, no light footfall,
No joyous song, no happy call
Is heard—'Tis strangely still.

How dark and lonely is her room
So sacred now to me:
There on sweet kindness' magic loom
Bright joys she wove into the gloom
Of my life's tapestry.

She came, a radiant, golden beam
Of happiness that shone
Awhile on me; and still its gleam
Lights my dull sky with softening dream
Of peace, though she is gone.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART .

TWO clear, frank eyes of Heaven's blue
With laughter's sunshine glancing through;
Two red, red lips, as cherries rich,
Whose smiles arrest, entrance, bewitch;
Two cheeks where fresh, pink roses blow,
True nature-flowers that no art know;
Two small, strong hands that firmly bind
My heart with love-strands close entwin'd;
Two little feet that to and fro
In loving service come and go:
One true heart that inspires the whole,
And thrones earth's dearest, sweetest soul.

MY STAR.

FAIR orb which shone with steady ray serene
When I from out the dark, profound Unknown
By some great Force unsearchable, unseen,
Into this gleam of half-sure Now was thrown,
A soul bewildered, groping, quivering alone,
Upon me still thou shin'st with friendly sheen,
(Mid Heaven's myriad golden lamps my own)
My beacon still, as thou hast ever been.

And yet, I oft believe thy kindly flame
Snuffed out by sour Misfortune's shrewish gusts
Whose peevish petulance my sky o'ercrusts
With clouding doubts full charged with failure's
shame:—

But always through some rift thy constant beam
I spy, and know I still may dare to dream.

TO HER WHO SLEEPS.

"Why make ye this ado and weep?
The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mark V: 39.

I.

WE were gay children, she and I,
As happy as the day was long;
Our lives, as merry as the song
Of birds on gleaming wings, flew by.

We read the new-old fairy tales
To every child so true and dear;
To us o'er dreamland's magic mere
The fay queen voyaged with shining sails.

Awake, we acted many a part,
And, acting, half believed our play—
So strong the universal sway
Of make-believe o'er childhood's heart.

When laughing, jocund spring was young
We gaily filched his diadem,
And decked with many a stolen gem
Our robber breasts wild woods among.

Proud paper fleets, like Venice old,
On sea-wide pools we set afloat:
In ballast out, returned each boat
Deep laden with contentment's gold.

Thus in strong, rich, sweet innocence
We played our childish years away,
Till dawned for me that bitter day
Whose night still broods profound, intense.

As children fear when shadows fall
And cry to some dear trusted one,
I cried to her who quick did run
To help me, startled by my call.

Athwart despair's thick blackness shone
Her love, an ever waxing star
Whose mild, soft radiance beamed afar;
And comfort brought when hope was gone.

II.

The swift years fled. A youth I'd grown;
She hung life's springtime stem upon,
That bears at eve a bud, at dawn
A fragrant blossom fully blown.

As wakes the lily in the wood
At morn's soft kiss, her heart and mind
Had oped and showed a soul refined,
The fairest flower of womanhood.

But scarce fair life had seen those charms
Into rich beauty full expand,
When death reached forth with envious hand
And snatched her from my loving arms.

Sweet sister mine! while memory's flame
Within my sorrowing heart burns clear,
Ne'er shall be dimmed thy image dear,
Nor e'er forgot thy darling name.

Thy love for me, like waters bright,
Flowed on, a sweetly constant stream
That sparkled with the glancing gleam
Of kindness' sunshine's fairest light.

Thy lips were ever wont to smile—
They smiled and trembled one dark day
When, kissing me, thou wentst away,
Oh, for so long, so long a while.

Thy arms about my neck I yet
Do feel in thy last fond embrace;
I feel thy cheek against my face
That with our mutual tears was wet.

And still there sounds upon my ears
Thy softly spoken "aurevoir;"
Like sad, sweet music from afar
It echoes through the passing years.

Sweet word that robs death of its sting
And from the grave its victory sweeps!
"The damsel is not dead, but sleeps,"
Once said of hope the glorious King.

Yes, she but sleeps, and shall arise
Refreshed and strengthened by repose:
I too shall sleep at life's tired close
And, waking, look into her eyes.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A MOUNTAIN royal as Atlas standest thou,
Strong-ribbed and framed in granite, veined
with gold,
Firm-sinewed with tough iron that knows to hold
And knit together thy grand form; thy brow
Cleaves Heaven's star-isled deep, (no Viking prow
Exploring unknown seas was e'er more bold!)
A purple cloud-cloak wraps thee, fold on fold:
The lesser hills before thee humbly bow.

To thy broad breast thou claspest many a dell,
Green-swarded, starred with bright anemones,
Where joyous warblings on soft breezes swell
From vine-clad rocks and blossom-laden trees;
While from thy great heart flows a living well
Of song, one stream, a thousand melodies.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

BEAT high, ye Scottish hearts, with pride
As round the board this festal night
Ye sit, to Scotia's patron saint,
Your oft-sworn faith once more to plight.

Sound forth again, ye Scottish tongues,
The praises of your native land,
Where still the devil strives in vain
To twist St. Andrew's rope of sand:

Sing ye of Wallace tried and true,
Of Bruce the dauntless, strong in war;
And sing of Scotland's beauteous Queen,
Your constellation's fairest star;

Recount the glorious fields of fame
Where Scottish men for freedom bled---
Hark! on Time's smoke-enshrouded plain
Ye hear their firm, unfaltering tread.

But not alone does Scotia boast
A line of mail-clad warriors bold,
On every battlefield of life
Her sons the palm of victory hold.

In every land 'neath every sun
Where'er the voice of progress call,
Ye see them pressing in the van
Attempting all, achieving all:

Then swell ye Scottish breasts with pride
For old St. Andrew and his land,
To which your hearts are firmer bound
Than by the devil's rope of sand.

A MYSTERY.

A WONDROUS bird came winging from the
far unknown
Behind one sea-dipped edge of tented
Heaven's wall;
On gleaming pinions for an hour's brief space he
shone
As radiant as the glowing day-star's burnished ball:
Straight through the azure concave of the world's
wide hall
With certain flight ,as though he oft the way had
flown,
He soared, till, coming where opposing curtains fall,
He passed beyond into that other outer zone.

Whence came he? Whither did he speed? What
 meant his flight
From unseen to unseen, from night to equal night?
What strange land gave him birth? To what clime
 hasted he?
Why did he leave the one, and why the other seek?
Ah! would some clear-eyed seer might arise and
 speak
The true solution of this deep, deep mystery.

DRIFTING.

SLOWLY down the silver river,
Drifting, drifting, carelessly,
Floats our light barque ever onward,
Downward to the shining sea,
And our voices wildly ringing,
Wake the echoes with their singing
Of old songs, so gay and free.

'Round us on the peaceful waters
Lie the sunset shafts of light,
Which at us, Day's drowsy archer
Shoots with ever-less'ning flight,
Till at length his bright bow falling
From his hands, at sleep's voice calling,
Close his eyes and lo! 'tis night.

Then with hearts subdued and softened
Drift we in the moonlight fair,
And our song with sweeter cadence
Floats upon the evening air.
O 'tis pleasant, drifting, drifting,
Watching lights and shadows shifting,
Without fear, without a care.

MICHAL'S LOVE SONG.

"And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David."—

I Samuel, XVIII: 20.

STRONG is my love as a lion on the mountain,
Swift is his foot as the fleeing gazelle;
Sweet is his voice as the low murm'ring fountain,
Clear is his eye as the sky-azured well.
Yet flash can his glance from his frowning brows
under
Like lightnings destroying, his tones roll like
thunder;
His iron heel doth trample the foe's ranks asunder—
Rejoice! O my heart; Oh rejoice! Israel.

Soft is the breast of my love as the dove's breast,
Sweet is his kiss as the breath of the morn;
Bright is his smile as eve's ray on the hill's crest,
Clasped in his strong arms I'm lightly up-borne.
But his bosom is flint 'gainst the foes of the Lord,
In the battle his smile is as stern as his sword
That so pitiless smiteth fierce Amalek's horde,
And maketh the courts of proud Ashdod forlorn.

Dear to my heart is my love as the palm grove
Circling with shadow the cool desert well;
Round me he casteth the shade of his great love,
Bringing repose with its magical spell.
At peace there I rest me while war's noon is glaring,
Naught fearing, tho' Moab's loud trumpet be
blaring;
For God and my love for my safety are caring—
Be glad! O my soul; Oh rejoice! Israel.

THE EYE.

THOU silent speaker of the soul's deep thought,
Thou voiceless herald of the heart's intent,
No golden tongue howe'er so eloquent
So much of Man's true self to light hath brought
As thy quick glance with changing passions fraught:
Dread hate, fair love, impatience, sweet content,
Forbearance long, hot anger quickly spent,
Command, defiance, wrong, forgiveness sought.

But ah! another power to thee is given
The sweetest gift of wisest love divine:
The myriad beauties of God's earth and heaven
Thou canst drink in like draughts of quick'ning
wine.
Oh lonely he who, shut in endless night,
Knows not the rapture of that glorious sight.

IF WE BUT KNEW.

If we but knew what wonders lie
Unknown in earth and sea and sky,
How changed would be for me and you
Our long-held views; if we but knew!

If we but knew what coming years
Would bring to us of smiles or tears,
How changed would be for me and you
Our present plans; if we but knew;

If we but knew the springs that move
The hearts of those whom most we love,
How changed would be for me and you
Our friendships dear; if we but knew!

If we but knew that all our good
Comes from a kind and loving God,
How changed would be for me and you
Our daily lives; if we but knew!

THE DOVE AND THE LOVER.

Lover.-

WHITHER fly'st thou, pretty bird,
On thy wings so strong and swift?
Hast thou some sweet summons heard
From behind yon cloud's white drift,
Or further where proud mountains lift
Their grand heads to the bending sky?
O tell me, whither dost thou fly?

Dove.-

From a distant leafy grove,
Where the lovely spring was born,
Comes the tender voice of love,
Calling from the budded thorn:
There waits for me my mate forlorn—
She calls, . . . my heart makes fond reply,
And to her I do swiftly fly.

Lover.

That sweet call I too have heard—
How it fills and thrills my heart!
Would I were a swift-winged bird
That I to my love might dart!
Without a compass or a chart
O'er trackless plains, o'er mountains high
To her dear side I straight would fly.

Dove.

Ere thou spok'st, on soaring wing
Poised I for my lightning flight
To her heart thy love to bring
With the speed of flashing light;
For she's my mate so pure and white,
Thy ardent thought of love am I—
But hark! she calls! With speed I fly.

CIVIS CANADENSIS SUM.

WITH bold, commanding look and flashing eye,
And mien that spoke the master's pride
untamed,
The free-born Roman haughtily proclaimed,
"Civis Romanus sum!" This title high
With scaled gold a world subdued did fly
To purchase; for Rome's equal justice famed
With balance nice for him alone was framed
Who, conquered, Roman name and state could buy.

But I who from the full and generous breast
Of greater Rome's imperial daughter fair
Drew freedom's pulsing life, I proudly dare
To claim a birthright nobler than e'er blest
Imperious sons of conquering Latium—
Egomet civis Canadensis sum!

TRUE FAME.

I SAT at my window one dark winter's day,
And watched the soft snowflakes descend;
And I thought as they melted and faded away,—
“Must my life so barrenly end?”

I turned from those emblems of youth's fairy dream
To the hearth where the red embers lay,
And I said as I watched them now darken, now
gleam,
“Must my life to ashes decay?”

As I spoke, from the fire-gems that glowed on the
hearth
A figure appeared to my sight
More beautiful far than the children of earth,
A radiant being of light.

"O why dost thou long," said a heavenly voice,
"For the laurels that wither away?
If thou would'st be famous, make duty thy choice
And thy glory can never decay.

High titles, great riches, the world's loud acclaim,
Are bubbles that burst with a breath;
And that which man eager embraces as fame
Escapes him forever at death.

Kind deeds and good actions are better than gold,
More precious than rubies or pearls:
And he who doth own them hath riches untold,
More honours than princes and earls.

Think not of the honours that men quickly pay,
Or the praises they loudly proclaim;
For these like their givers are gone in a day
And with them will perish thy name.

But do thou be steadfast while Life's tempests roar
And watchful thy brother to save;
And thou'lt find when thou comest to Heaven's fair
shore
That true fame does not end with the grave."

He vanished from sight never more to return,
But his sweet voice still rings in my ear;
And the truth that he taught me a bright light shall
burn,
My path to illumine and cheer.

DAY IS DONE.

NOW on night's dark breast reclining,
Sleeps the sun.
Shyly now sweet stars come shining,
One by one.
O'er the landscape glinting, gleaming
Moonbeams flash like white fires streaming,
Hill and vale at rest are dreaming
Day is done.

Now the night-winds softly crooning
Lullabies
Come, their harps Aeolian tuning,
From the skies;
And their music low and thrilling
Steals abroad, Life's discord stilling,
Till our hearts with new hope filling,
Heavenward rise.

Oh, what peace so oft comes o'er us
At this hour,
When great nature lies before us
Like a flower,
Which if plucked our cares are lightened,
Life's dark vale is cheered and brightened,
And our pleasures all are heightened
By its power.